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Title: TWTs LORE BOOK 1

Author: TWT Loremaster  
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8/15/03-----1:22 P.M.

As was once foretold  
in the Lore of TWT's  
beginnings, the males that  
drew from the One  
Power, although reaping  
the ability of great  
castings of magic, were  
likely to go insane  
drawing from the tainted  
pool. Though it was once  
thought the pool had been  
purged, others had a  
more sinister plan.

TWTs GM has shown  
the early signs of just  
that insanity. There is  
no telling what path TWT  
will take now.

8/16/03-----3:30 P.M.

\*TWTs Loremaster  
sits on the same hill,  
under the same shade of  
tree he has sat for  
countless years, more  
than even he is willing, or  
able, to recall. Words  
flowing from his almost  
subconscious thought to  
parchment\*

\*His eyes then lift  
suddenly to a crack, in  
the up till that moment,  
clear sky. Dark storm  
clouds begin to move into  
view.\*

\*Folding up his  
seemingly endless supply  
of writing material, he  
stands slowly, his cloak  
flowing in a wind that  
now seems intent on  
knocking him over.  
Though he has seen the  
first books of time  
written with his own  
eyes, and by his own  
hand, he stands even

taller at this sudden  
bluster. Bringing his  
cloak tighlly around  
himself, he walks with a  
slow defiant gate down  
the hill, seeking shelter  
from the coming storm\*

8/16/03-----3:55 P.M.

TWT Loremaster will  
be broadcasting over my  
ICQ from time to time.

The Keeper of Time  
and memories will be  
putting both the past and  
present on parchment, and  
over this channel.

This is safe warning  
that both loyal TWT  
members and friends will  
be recieving these ICQs  
(if you aren't interested  
in them, I suggest you  
delete me ASAP).

A library will be placed  
at the GH soon, books of  
history from a TWT  
perspective.

\*if bored\*winks\*

Thnx

DK

8/16/03-----7:30 P.M.

\*The boat rocked,  
rolling with the waves, as  
the sun beat down  
steadily, bouncing off the  
oceans surface. Being  
the only human being  
onboard, that was also  
considered cargo, held  
little meaning to Draken  
Korin. He walked slowly  
against the rails, not  
used to the sailing, the  
uneasy feeling of losing  
the sight of land days  
ago had yet to leave his  
thoughts. The sailors  
worked around him like he  
was not even there, and  
in many ways, he was'nt.

Drakens thoughts  
again drifted back to the  
lands he will never return  
to. A land that, while  
born there, will never be  
home to him. Constantly  
sought out for his

growing ability to channel  
the One Power, the idea  
of being stilled haunting  
his mind even at this  
great distance. Never  
being able to lay his head  
down without one eye  
open, watching for the  
Aes Sedai hunting him.\*

\*TWT Loremaster lay  
down his quill, blowing on  
the parchment lightly\*  
8/16/03----10:30 P.M.

The boat docked heavily  
into the long ports of a  
land Draken had seen now  
for days, but yet to set  
foot on. The sailors tied  
the boat down feverishly,  
as eager to get on land  
as Draken was it seemed,  
or maybe even more so.

The trip of over a  
month seemed a blur and  
uneventful, now that it  
was behind him.

As he walked down the  
plank and onto the long  
wooden docks, Draken  
noticed a scattering of  
people here and there.  
Mostly sailors and others  
doing business, taking no  
notice of him.

Drakens glance could  
not pass over a woman  
standing nearish to the  
plank he had just exited.  
Her little than longer  
shoulder length hair  
highlighting a strikingly  
beautiful face. The  
females here in this new  
land seemed to dress a  
bit differently than those  
of where he had just  
fled. Her outfit tight  
around her, showing curves  
of a woman unaware of  
what thoughts they might  
give a man in her  
presence.

As Draken continued to  
walk along the dock he  
heard a scream, pivoting  
around ready to act, as  
had become commonplace

in the lands he fled, he  
saw that same woman he  
was admiring a moment  
before sobbing  
uncontrollably. The  
Captain of the ship he  
had just sailed on was  
standing in front of her,  
slowly he turned and  
walked up the plank to  
his ship.

As the woman ran by  
him, tears filling her  
eyes, Draken heard her  
murmering a name. The  
name was that of a  
sailor that had fallen  
overboard during one of  
the storms. He was not  
recovered. Perhaps the  
trip was not as  
uneventful as Draken had  
thought.

Feeling badly at how  
he had not taken notice  
of that event, his eyes  
narrowed on the back of  
the fleeing woman,  
whispering a few words  
of blessings, weaving the  
One Power (of which he  
was assured did not exist  
on these shores) he  
focused onto her.

She stopped in her  
tracks, spinning around,  
her eyes brimming over  
with tears, narrowed on  
Drakens gaze. For a  
moment their eyes locked.  
Gods, it seemed like it  
lasted forever, yet it  
only lasted seconds and  
she was running again.

Drakens eyes darted  
left and right, was he  
noticed?? No, he couldnt  
have been, he was  
ASSURED the One Power  
did not exist on these  
shores. Slowly, and  
promising himself to be  
more wary of what he  
does, he continued on his  
new path. Onto these  
shores called, Atlantic.

\*The Wheel spins as

the Wheel wills\*

8/17/03-----8:30 P.M.

Draken balanced on the balls of his feet. waiting patiently for The Blademasters next flurry of attacks.

As The Blademaster moved towards Draken, his thoughts drifted back to a time when he came to the lands of Atlantic.

A time when he decided it would be better to learn to use a blade than risk being seen channeling the One Power.

Drakens blade rose to meet The Blademasters attack,, as the two danced under the light of the moon.

Draken's quest to become a Blademaster himself had brought him to every corner of Atlantic, learning from, and dueling, anyone that was willing.

The Blademaster overextended his attack, Draken took advantage of the opening, his blade darting forward, bloodying The Blademasters arm. A small man entered the ring, signifying the end of the duel, The Blademasters blood now dripping to the floor.

Draken and The Blademaster faced one another and bowed, maintaining eye contact, showing each other a sign of respect.

Draken moved off to the side alone, as he usually was. For over 150 years ( 1 RL year = 100 Sosaria years) he had lived in these lands now. His flight from the Aes Sedai bent on his capture, and ultimate stilling, still flooding his thoughts, even now. His mind and body had

changed much over the  
time he came to  
Atlantic. The sweat  
from the just finished  
duel glistening off his  
well toned body. His long  
dark hair drenched in  
the heat of an ungodly  
evening. Drakens  
eyes, surveying the crowd,  
stopped on a tall man  
wearing a cloak, which he  
found odd in this heat.  
Next to him was a  
smallish, heavysset lady  
wearing robes that  
seemed to cover any  
sight of her below her  
neck. As Drakens eyes  
met her eyes, she was  
starring back at him, a  
smirk showed her  
thoughts. Draken lept to  
his feet, as the Aes  
Sedai's Warder threw  
off his cloak, a Heron  
bone blade in his hand.  
Draken ran, not looking  
back, only thinking one  
thought, Gods, they found  
me.